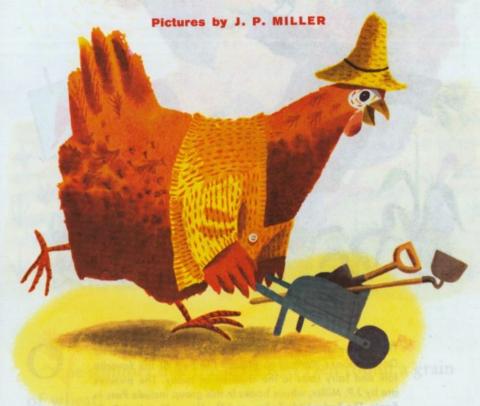


The Little RED HEN

A FAVORITE FOLK-TALE





GOLDEN PRESS Western Publishing Company, Inc. Racine, Wisconsin



This edition of an old story is another of a group of Little Golden Books planned to present the best of the favorite folk and fairy tales to the children of today. The pictures are by J.P. Miller, whose books in this group include Puss in Boots, The Brave Little Tailor, and The House That Jack Built.

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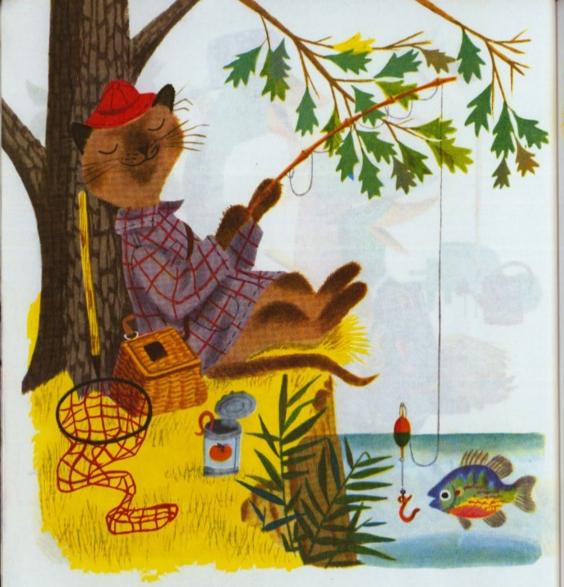
of wheat.

"A grain of wheat!" said the little Red Hen to herself. "I will plant it."



She asked the duck:
"Will you help me plant this grain of wheat?"
"Not I!" said the duck.

She asked the goose:
"Will you help me plant this grain of wheat?"
"Not I!" said the goose.



She asked, the cat:
"Will you help me plant this grain of wheat?"
"Not I!" said the cat.



She asked the pig:
"Will you help me plant this grain of wheat?"
"Not I!" said the pig.

"Then I will plant it myself," said the little Red Hen. And she did.

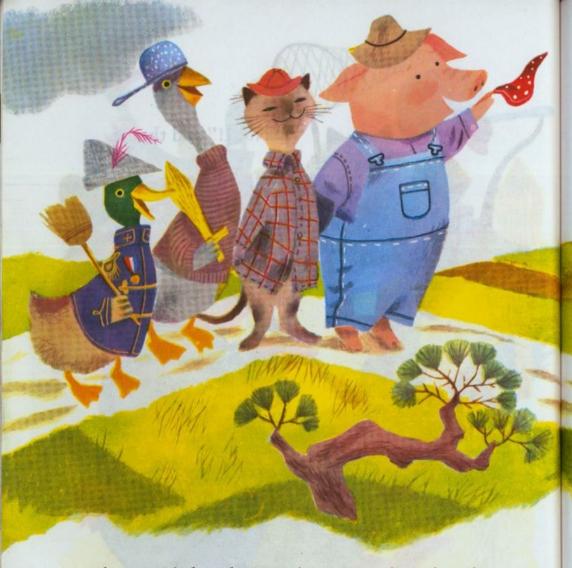




Soon the wheat grew tall, and the little Red Hen knew it was time to reap it.

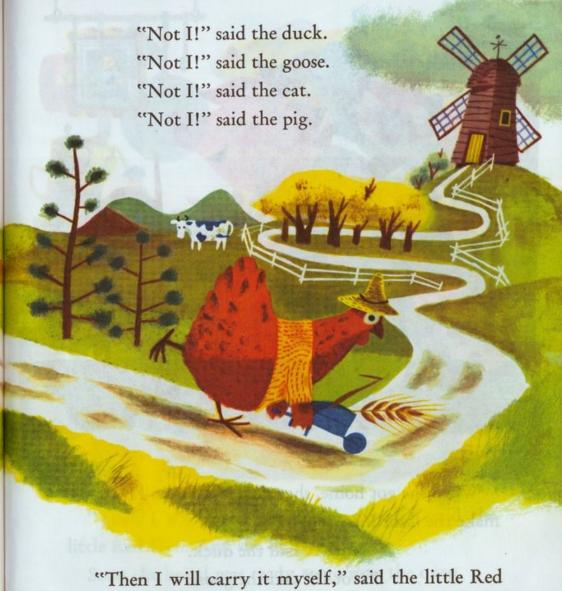
"Who will help me reap the wheat?" she asked.





She reaped the wheat, and it was ready to be taken to the mill and made into flour.

"Who will help me carry the wheat to the mill?" she asked.



"Then I will carry it myself," said the little Red Hen. And she did. She carried the wheat to the mill, and the miller made it into flour.



When she got home, she asked, "Who will help me make the flour into dough?"

"Not I!" said the duck.

"Not I!" said the goose.

"Not I!" said the cat.

"Not I!" said the pig.

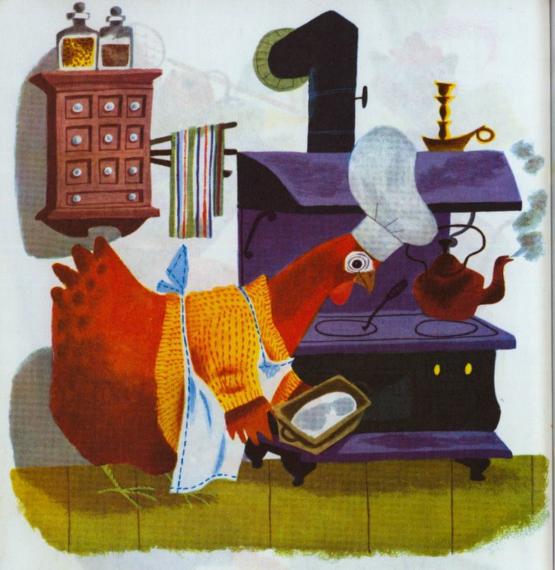


"Then I will make the dough myself," said the little Red Hen. And she did.

Soon the bread was ready to go into the oven.

"Who will help me bake the bread?" said the little Red Hen.



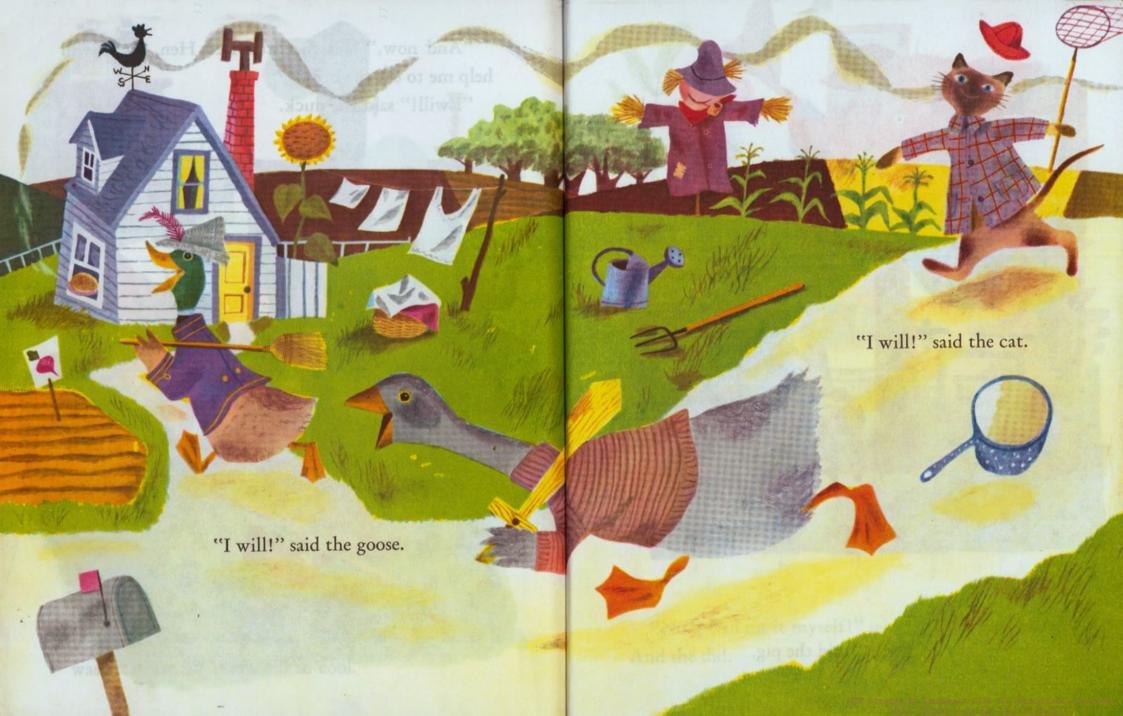


"Then I will bake it myself," said the little Red Hen. And she did.

After the loaf had been taken from the oven it was set on the window sill to cool.

"And now," said the little Red Hen, "who will help me to eat the bread?" "I will!" said the duck.









"No, I will eat it myself!" said the little Red Hen.
And she did.

